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BÂTONOMANIA.

A NEW DISEASE.

BY FRANKLIN PETERSON, MUS. BAC. OXON.

EVERYONE remembers the tale in the "Arabian Nights," of the Eastern prince whose constitution was undermined and who was being drawn daily nearer death by the ravages of a curious and most inexplicable disease. The case completely baffled the court physicians, and all those who were called in from far and near to consult with them. It was cured by a magician who concealed some wonder-working medicines in the handle of a polo mallet. As the prince's hand grew warm and moist with the physical exercise, the medicines were quickened into action, and being absorbed by the open pores of the skin effected a miraculous cure.

In these sober scientific days we read of agencies still more cunningly hidden and more far reaching in their miraculous activity. It seems that even in the cigarette lurk microbes who have sought there a precarious existence and a glorious death; and even the most infinitesimal point of space swarms, we are told, with teeming bacilli.

It is no wonder, then, that under conditions of musical life in this country which have so carefully fostered the most virulent species of the "bâton bacillus" a certain disease has attacked many distinguished conductors, as well as all those who wish to become or to be thought distinguished. It seems as if the heat of the hand when it closes round the bâton in that arena where one conductor is pitted against another, kindles the latent energy of the organism or medicinal agency—whatever it is—into active life. The resultant disease, which is spreading rapidly to-day, is of a mental character, and drives its victim into vagaries of a most dangerous tendency and influence. It is of quite recent origin, and may be said to date from the time of Bülow. Little did he think that his small diamond-headed conducting stick contained a Genius as ferrible as that in the bronze vessel which the fisherman found by the sea shore; still less could he imagine that anyone would be rash enough to uncork the vessel and let the malignant spirit free.

The bâton itself is quite a modern innovation in Eng-

land. It seems to have been introduced by Spohr as late as 1820, and to have secured full and permanent recognition only in 1846. But what a gap separates the time when Mendelssohn laid down his bâton in the middle of a movement to listen with unfeigned delight to the performance of the Philharmonic Orchestra, and that in which Richter did the same thing the other day in the slow movement of the Tschaikowsky Symphony!

When Mendelssohn joined the audience in applauding the symphony the general feeling was probably, "What a splendid orchestra!" Our ideas have shifted since then, and when the Tschaikowsky Andante is finished, we exclaim, "What a wonderful conductor!"

In the olden days neither part nor score had any indication of nuance save a very occasional *piano* or *forte*. Neither bowing nor phrasing was to be found. In the whole of Bach's Orchestral Suite in C there is only one note marked staccato (at the beginning of the second Minuet), and the more elaborately scored Fugue in the D major suite has only four short passages (in the first trumpet part) where the staccato sign is to be found. Any directions of the kind were communicated by word of mouth at rehearsal, and at performance there was no chance of the bar-stick or beat-stick (Taktstock), as the Germans still call the bâton, obtruding its personality on orchestra or audience.

How changed all that is now! Score and parts are lavishly strewn with the minutest directions. The composer's own instructions are often supplemented, even to the alteration of a few points in the metronome mark from bar to bar. Most pregnant change of all, the Taktstock, which merely beat time, Spohr's diminutive "Taktirstäbchen,"* has given place to the BÂTON, emblem of power and supreme influence. The conductor does not sit among his players now, nor does he beat time with his face to the audience and his back to the orchestra; he stands where all his army can see him, every player's eye is fixed upon his uplifted arm when he has given the preliminary signal, his eagle glance ranges over his battalions, and "teaches the doubtful battle where to rage." The least suggestion of his bâton is immediately understood and carried out; and accents,

* Spohr's "Selbst-Biographie."

crescendos and diminuendos, rallentandos, accelerandos, pauses—even those which occur to the conductor in the course of the performance, can safely be demanded from a well-disciplined orchestra.

But this great power has its dangers to a head which lacks self-restraint and that lofty sense of dignity inherent in every true leader of men. The warmth of the hand draws the poison of display from the bâton. The unhappy conductor loses his self-control. His left hand is as continuously busy as his right, and even his feet are called into requisition. He seems to imagine that no crescendo is complete without immense physical exertion on his own part, no accent of any effect unless his stick shows it to the audience, no entry valid unless he turns quickly and dramatically towards the particular phalanx which he (not the composer) desires to hurl against the foe. In short, he changes the exalted rôle which the modern conductor has won for himself as marshal, for the humble and unpleasant one of martinet corporal with cat-o'-nine-tails in his hand; he is no longer a leader, but a driver.

It is not that a conductor under this unhappy and poisonous influence is actually filled at the moment of conducting with a desire to obtrude himself; and if he could only see himself as his audience does, he would hesitate before believing that such exhibition added to his personal charm. But he seems to have come to the unfortunate conclusion that *he* does everything, that *he* plays all the instruments. He sometimes forgets himself so far as to conduct the soloist in a concerto, and I have seen the melodic and dynamic outlines of a simple and well-known aria, which was being played by an eminent violinist as a solo accompanied only by one harp, accurately reflected and impressed upon the audience by an enthusiastic conductor of this description.

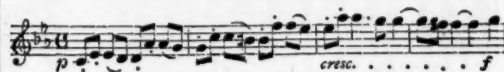
A more deadly agency, however, lurks in that bâton. It seems to have entered unobserved when the possibility was realized of more precision and more expression under the new régime. It entered the second stage of its existence when the reign of delicate nuance began. Having passed through the usual development of the most malignant parasitic organisms, it emerges in its next and most dangerous stage as "New Readings."

And there is a lower depth still which it prepares for its unhappy victims. Some new readings are honest attempts to interpret the composer's intentions; others, alas! are too evidently a mere search after novelty; while a few seem to be adopted by conductors in the hope of being thought original. Because one great and recognized authority takes a certain movement slow, an aspirant to fame proves that he is different by taking it fast. If one may not rival Richter, he may at least show that he is different from and independent of that great authority!

Whatever musical gifts and graces we are disposed to allow or deny to Bülow, he must be confessed the first great master of the art of nuance. One could hear in his performances how carefully, how intellectually every point had been studied, and his editions are permanent proof of his thoughtful care, his keen insight, and his critical acumen. He had a magnificent opportunity of carrying his principles to fullest length when he was in command of the famous Meiningen orchestra. But, indeed, with whatever orchestra he had to conduct he managed to score decided, often unexpected, successes; and after incredibly short opportunity for rehearsal a strange band showed unmistakable signs of his influence, and reflected in a surprising degree the personality of this superlatively gifted musician.

What an electric effect he obtained from the opening

of the "Coriolan" overture! How the long sentence, beginning deliberately, gradually quickened its pace until it burst as a wave does against a cliff:—

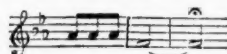


What new meaning he gave the opposition of the two phrases in the "Egmont" overture by emphasizing the character of each; the one, the heavy imperious crushing hand as of Spain, or destiny, or any other tyrant; the other, the unconquerable love—of women, of mothers, of patriots—which the floods cannot drown, and which will prove stronger than death:—



Many effective legitimate nuances of this kind have become tradition, and we have Schindler's authority for saying that some even were authorized by the composer:—

"In the C minor Symphony Beethoven's intention allowed of very few alterations (variations, *Veränderungen*), but these few are of the greatest importance and interest. . . . The introductory five bars of this movement should bear the tempo ♩ = 126, i. e. about *Andante con moto*. . . . Only when the first violins enter at the sixth bar does the *Allegro con brio* ♩ = 108 begin, and it is maintained until the phrase.

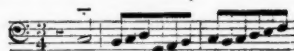


which is taken again in the slower tempo of the first bars. . . .

" . . . I heard nothing from Beethoven regarding alterations in the other movements."

It should be added for the benefit of those who do not know Schindler's interesting pages, that in these lines he is not giving his own ideas on the subject, but his recollections of what he learned from Beethoven himself.

I wonder what Beethoven would have said to the following, which was heard in Edinburgh last winter:—



This is not the place to talk of the attempts to "improve" the trumpet parts in Beethoven's scores and bring them more up to date. I suppose those who agree with Corder's lively description of the trumpet as "an unmitigated nuisance" will hail with pleasure the opportunity of having the nuisance somewhat abated by people who know more about the matter than the unfortunate composer could be expected to know. But surely we may be allowed to enter a vigorous protest against the mania for new and "individual" readings of the classics, which apparently have as their chief aim the differentiation of their inventor from all other conductors.

As I have pointed out, the musical atmosphere in this country, or rather I should perhaps say in London, is peculiarly adapted to create and foster the feeling of rivalry in the ranks of artists whom from time to time we invite to visit us, or induce to remain amongst us. From the days when Faustina and Cuzzoni scratched each other's faces on the stage, and Handel's enemy and rival, Buononcini was driven from England for stealing another man's composition and passing it off as his own (how the

"Grand old robber" must have laughed !, Londoners have been famous for taking sides, and making musical questions subjects for fierce contention. They must hear everybody, must compare each with the other, and are prepared to slay or be slain in the contention that their particular Dagon (for the moment) has subdued his foe. Next season Dagon falls from his pedestal and somebody else is elevated to his giddy place.

And the worst of it is that if the conductor at an orchestral concert was concealed from public view, not one in a thousand of those who profess to compare Richter, Mottl, Lamoureux, Manns, Henry Wood, and all the rest of them, could, to save his life, distinguish which one it was !

Space remains to mention only one other sad symptom which occasionally displays itself in such cases as we have been considering. We may describe it as the loss of all sense of proportion, often accompanied by the atrophy of everything severe in artistic ideal. This phase of the disease does not seem to be so directly due to contact with the bâton or to the exalted pedestal of the conductor. One exciting cause may be the huge machine which he controls and which can make such an appalling noise if every member does his best. The other is doubtless the gaping multitude behind with those long ears so readily tickled.

Among all the numerous pieces for full orchestra I heard last season, there was one which was received with an unbounded enthusiasm and irresistible demands for an encore. In this particular it was distinguished far above the most highly appreciated of its fellows. It was Handel's "Largo in G," and as far as my memory serves, it was played after the following fashion :—

1st Strophe—organ, a fair variety of solo stops ;
2nd Strophe—solo violin, accompanied by one harp ;
3rd Strophe beginning p. but pretty fully scored, a rapid crescendo drew into its train one division of the orchestra after the other until all the eighty odd stalwart instrumentalists were doing their utmost ; and when the grand climax was reached an immense organ, four healthy trombones and tuba, kettledrums and big drum joined in a noise which might have wakened the old Saxon giant from his sleep in Westminster Abbey, four hundred miles away.

A popularly received but evidently mythical tale describes a scene when Handel heard the first chord from an orchestra whose instruments had all been put out of tune by some wag. Oaths are supposed to be as much out of fashion as wigs to-day : all the more might Handel's behaviour and remarks have impressed us had he really appeared on that occasion.

The disease is rampant and deadly. If there is no physician, or if it is already beyond the power of his healing balm, let us pray for an army of surgeons with strong hearts, skilful hands, and keen knives.

"THE MINSTRELSY OF IRELAND."*

MR. ALFRED MOFFAT published, a year or two ago, a fine collection of Scotch folk-songs, and now he has turned his attention to those of Erin's Isle. The importance, to say nothing of the interest, of national music has often been dwelt upon, and there are some

earnest labourers in the field. More than a century ago, Edward Bunting, in the Preface to his "General Collection of Ancient Irish Music," wrote : "It is a debt which every man owes to his country to search for and perpetuate the records of other days, and to oppose, as far as he can, the destructive ravages of time." The present large collection must have cost Mr. Moffat considerable time and considerable patience ; but to know what reliance to place upon statements of various authors, and how to select from various versions of the same melody the original one, or the nearest approach thereto, required, in addition, thought and critical acumen. The numerous historical notes furnished by the editor show how fully he felt the responsibility of his task. He accepts nothing on trust, but studies books, records, manuscripts, and forms opinions independently. *Nullius in verba* would seem to be his motto.

His criticisms of his predecessors in the same department are at times sharp, but he gives chapter and verse in support of his own views. Thus, if any of his statements should be called in question, he must be met with like weapons. In a footnote to "I've a secret to tell thee," he charges Bunting with carelessness. In his collection of 1840, that author speaks of obtaining the air, "O Southern Breeze," in 1792, from an old man surnamed "Poor Folk ;" yet in the same work 1807 is given as the date in which he first became acquainted with it. Again, on page 219, Mr. Moffat offers an instance—and a pretty strong one too—of Bunting's "limited knowledge." The honest intentions of Bunting, it should be added, are never called in question. On page 191 our author points out an evident error in Dr. Petrie's "Ancient Music in Ireland ;" while on page 212 he proves that the Doctor's knowledge was also limited. There are many references to Professor Stanford, whose love and enthusiasm for the music of his native country is well known. The learned Professor, in his edition of Moore's "Melodies," states that the poet set "She is far from the Land" to an air from Bunting's first collection, but "scarcely left a note unaltered ;" and further accuses him of "omitting the flat seventh and vulgarizing the close." Mr. Moffat asserts that the version used by Moore was the generally accepted one, and names various works earlier than Bunting's in which it is to be found. Our editor frankly admits that Bunting's version may possibly be purer, but the "grave assertion" against the poet he considers "entirely unfounded." Tom Moore was not altogether free from reproach in his treatment of Irish melodies ; yet in this case he does not seem to have been guilty. One more illustration. Of the air, "The Coolun," to which Moore has set "Tho' the last glimpse of Erin," Dr. Stanford remarks : "This beautiful air has been mercilessly altered and spoilt by Moore ;" to which Mr. Moffat replies : "I am glad to be able to prove that Professor Stanford's statement is incorrect ;" and then follow what appear to be conclusive proofs of the poet's innocence. Dr. Stanford will, no doubt, have something to say to these and other comments referring to him in the volume, and it will be interesting to learn whether he still maintains or withdraws his charges against the poet Moore. Even if he withdraw them, he is at full liberty to prefer the Bunting versions of the songs named.

In certain cases it is extremely difficult to determine the nationality of an old melody. "At Early Dawn" (page 16) was claimed by Dr. Joyce for Ireland, and by Alexander Campbell for the Scottish Borders. There is a long and interesting note to "Erin ! the tear and the smile in thine eyes," the lovely melody which is perhaps

* *The Minstrelsy of Ireland* : 200 Irish songs, adapted to their traditional airs, arranged for voice with pianoforte accompaniment, and supplemented with historical notes. By ALFRED MOFFAT. Augener's Edition, No. 8928 ; price, in paper cover, net, 4s. ; bound in cloth, net, 6s. London : Augener & Co.

most familiar to England in its "Scottish dress." The Scottish "snap" at the words, "Robin's not near," is said to have been introduced on account of the short vowels in "Robin;" for "Eileen" the plain crotchets are just the right thing.

It is also extremely difficult at times to decide which is the purest form of an old air. Bunting relied on harpers, Petrie on ballad-singers. There is, however, much to be said for and against either method, and thus the popular Latin adage, *In medio tutissimus ibis* best represents the attitude of anyone seeking after original versions. Take, for instance, the air known as "Boyne Water," of which there have been many settings. Mr. Moffat gives (in his Appendix) two very early versions of this air, one from Tom D'Urfe's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719, the other from a manuscript collection of tunes, chiefly Scottish, in his possession, and which he considers to have been written *circa* 1730-5. Then the titles of various works of later date, which contain "Boyne Water," are quoted. The celebrated Leyden MS., we are told, has a tune written in tablature for the lute, "The Watter of Boyne," but Mr. Moffat is of opinion that it "has nothing in common with the one known now as 'Boyne Water.'" This "Leyden" air is also given in the Appendix, so that one can easily see that this opinion is correct. It is not, however, the "Boyne Water" tune for its own sake that we name it here, but as a simple illustration of Mr. Moffat's minute method of research: it is only a specimen of many similar cases. The marked manner in which a tune, passing from singer to singer, can change in a century is pointedly shown in the well-known "One Sunday after Mass," the original melody of which, from D'Urfe's work mentioned above, is printed in the Appendix.

Of the airs themselves contained in this volume there is no necessity to speak. Most of them are known and admired all the world over. National music, of whatever country, is always welcome, but that of Ireland has been justly described by Dr. Parry as "probably the most human, most varied, most poetical in the world." And Mr. A. P. Graves, in the Introduction to his "Irish Song Book"—a work referred to more than once by Mr. Moffat—says of the sister-isle that "her minstrelsy remained unrivalled until the Irish Bard, famous for 'the three feats' of solemn, gay, and sleep-compelling music, degenerated under the stress of the internecine conflict between Saxon and Gael in Ireland into the strolling minstrel, and finally into the street ballad-singer." Mr. Moffat, in his pianoforte accompaniments, seeks to evolve the harmony latent in the melodies. Some of the airs demand and receive simple treatment; in others he allows himself certain and legitimate freedom.

SOME MUSICAL FASHIONS.

THIS season the procession of pianists has been quite as continuous as in any previous musical season that I can remember, although our prophets told us that the fashion for piano recitals was passing, and that we should not be bidden to so many entertainments (?) of this kind. One has no quarrel with pianists; there is room for all kinds, from Pachmann to D'Albert; but the terrible monotony of their programmes is a matter which may well make us groan in spirit, if conventional politeness demands the applause of our hands. By what unwritten law must a Beethoven sonata invariably figure in the programmes of all pianists, except those of Pachmann, who at least has the courage to recognize the limits of his temperament? And why must a recital inevitably conclude with

a Liszt composition, generally one of the most hackneyed of the Rhapsodies? And supposing that these things be necessary, why does a group of Chopin pieces always find itself in the centre of a programme? And why, if a Beethoven sonata must be played, does the Bonn master's name always come second on the programme, so that all the rest of the recital is dwarfed, as at the D'Albert concert the other day, when the splendid sonata, in A flat, Op. 110, completely killed Chopin's in B minor? One would almost think that the pianist had a rooted dislike to sending his audience away after a Beethoven sonata, for I cannot imagine that a modern pianist is too tired to play one at the end of a recital, considering that he generally tackles a Liszt Rhapsody at the conclusion of his concert. There can be no reason for the stereotyped recital programme but fashion. And for this particular fashion the critic is in part responsible. A new pianist will come forward and be heard at the Philharmonic in a concerto—perhaps Chopin's in E minor. Immediately the cry goes round the press: "We must reserve our opinion of the new pianist's powers until we have heard her in more classical texts." By this Beethoven, among others, is meant. But why? It is not given to many pianists to be good interpreters of Beethoven, and it is quite absurd to suppose that the playing of the Bonn master's works should be looked upon as the sole standard by which we may judge the capabilities of a pianist. But, ridiculous as it may seem, fashion has decreed that every pianist must play Beethoven, just as every Beethoven player must be able to give a good reading of Chopin. Accordingly we have to listen to readings of the Appassionata or the Waldstein that make our blood boil with indignation or freeze with despair. Some pianists are so oppressed by a sense of the futility of their task, and by the knowledge that the masterpieces of Beethoven have been played over and over again by all the greatest pianists of the world, that they either hurry, in school-girl fashion, through the composition, or else give us new readings, which in many cases mean an excessive use of tempo-rubato without the guiding brain and insight that alone can make us accept it. Instead of giving us a poetical interpretation, the insincere tempo-rubato pianist merely "sticks about"—an inelegant but rather expressive phrase.

I do not know why a musician should be expected to sympathize with and be able to interpret every composer's music. We do not demand of Andrew Lang that he should appreciate Ibsen, nor should we ask W. D. Howell, the American novelist, to write a glowing article on Walter Scott. It was not the public that asked Miss Ellen Terry to play Lady Macbeth, and because she failed we did not think her any the less an actress. It would be equally absurd to decry Sir Henry Irving if his Romeo nowadays were grotesque. And yet a pianist must have an all-round temperament, or he is put in the second or third rank. Well, this may be correct enough in a way, for the more varied the temperament the greater the artist; but a pianist may be great and yet not of the greatest. Here one suspects that vanity and self-esteem and ill-founded ambition step in and march hand in hand with fashion; for undoubtedly the great pianists of the world, the Liszts and the Rubinstens, are almost capable of interpreting every composer (I say "almost" because, as a matter of fact, each of these great pianists had limitations and specialties); and that which the great pianists have achieved the lesser men must attempt. How is one to prevent them? The critic could tell them that they are no good as Beethoven, or Schumann, or Brahms players, but it is doubtful if the pianists would believe the critic,

especially as some other more amiable gentleman of the press would probably give them ambiguous praise, which vanity swallows, ambiguity and all. Another way would be to judge a pianist from his or her personal appearance. As soon as I see a plump, smiling young lady on the platform I know that she will never play Beethoven properly; or if the pianist be a man of the small-headed, neat-featured type, the case is equally hopeless. But if one had the personal friendship of these pianists and told them that they evidently did not possess the temperament for the deeper composers, one would be accounted a lunatic or worse. Certainly one's advice would not be taken; for fashion, backed up by vanity and self-esteem, has decreed that a Beethoven sonata must figure in each programme. If one could suggest the playing of one of the earliest sonatas, that might be a diplomatic method of soothing the feelings of the pianist, and at the same time preserving the audience from the infliction of Beethoven, the real Beethoven, badly played.

But the devices of fashion rule the rest of the musical world no less tyrannically—only it is most noticeable in the case of pianists who have tone ready-made to their hands, whereas physical limitations absolutely prevent vocalists from attempting the impossible. But still fashion is very strong in the vocal art. At present German songs are all the rage. It is a very good fashion in a sense, because *Lieder* of Schumann, Franz and Schubert are certainly finer art than the drawing-room love-ballad that once was the fashion, or than the florid arias of our grandmothers. But here again temperament is necessary. A German song of Schubert, or Schumann, or Franz requires, first of all, a knowledge of German, which, strange as it may seem, many of our concert-singers do not possess; then, properly speaking, these songs require the greatest vocal art, for they are often extremely difficult to sing; and, above everything, they demand poetic insight and a strong artistic will to resist the temptation of making *ad captandum* musical effects. The strangest effort in the vocal art I have ever heard was a certain amateur's singing of Schubert's *Der Doppelgänger*. He attempted to make this weird musical poem a dramatic *scena*. Between this style of singing and the fashionable epidemic of barking the music, caught from third-rate German vocalists, there seems no mean. Perhaps a study of Jean de Reszke's methods of singing the music in *Tristan* might help those of our singers who are "just gone on Schumann and Schubert," as an American songstress elegantly put it to me the other day. Or a visit to Madame Blanche Marchesi's vocal recitals might be of advantage to German-song aspirants, for then they might observe that the great singer brings all the resources of the vocal art to her apparently simple and naïve interpretation of *Lieder*, and that she can, and does, sustain beauty of tone and at the same time pronounce every consonant. At present I fly from "at homes" and concerts when ordinary singers attempt to "interpret" the vocal masterpieces of Schumann and Schubert, because I know that barking is held to be synonymous with interpretation, and I do not care to be barked at. Perhaps one day fashion will swing back to the old *coloratura* songs, and budding sopranos will once more vex our souls with the Shadow Song from *Dinorah*. In the meantime amateurs and professional vocalists, with brains or without them, with temperament or as cold as a statue, all are "just gone on Schumann and Schubert."

Every generation has had its fashionable composer; but it would be very difficult to say who is the fashion just at present. Of course, Wagner's name flies to the tip of the pen, but he has been before the public so long

that one can hardly call him fashionable, any more than one can call Beethoven fashionable. Still he *is* fashionable in one sense. The great-souled people have taken him up, and they have filled the galleries of Covent Garden during the recent Cycles of the *Ring des Nibelungen*. This fashion, however, is hardly musical; for not many of those who are enthusiastic about Wagner really understand him as a musician; they look on him as a great philosopher, and all the little handbooks on *The Ring* encourage them in this belief. An attempt has been made from time to time to rehabilitate Berlioz, but the cult is esoteric, and is confined to a few of the more literary sort, who cannot distinguish between Berlioz the composer and Berlioz the witty *causeur* of the *Journal des Débats*. There is, on the other hand, a fairly large audience for Gluck, but at present the fashion has not progressed beyond the composer's *Orphée*. Nobody hears Mascagni now; he is relegated to South America or Africa, and to Covent Garden when the great Calvé makes us swallow the shame which a recollection of the Mascagni craze arouses in our mind. On the other hand, there is a strong demand for Russian music, though there are signs that the supply is large enough to meet all possible calls. Rimsky-Korsakow has, after all, proved caviare to the general, and it may be doubted if next season the Russian fashion will have much vitality left in it. And yet here the public is wrong in its fickleness, for if there is one nation that promises much for the future of music it is that people which can point to Glazounow, Rachmaninoff, and Rimsky-Korsakow as its modern composers. The fashion for Tchaikowsky, however, is the most striking aspect of musical life of the moment. There seems no end to the drawing-power of the "Pathetic" symphony. At his recent concerts M. Lamoureux performed it no less than twice, and within three days in the middle of last month it was given under Dr. Richter and Mr. Henry J. Wood. I am very much afraid that Tchaikowsky will ultimately pay the price of sudden popularity—as sudden neglect; for there must come a time when the "Pathetic" symphony will begin to pall, and at present the only other work of his that has caught the fancy of the public is the dainty *Casse Noisette* Suite, also in danger of being done to death. In the meanwhile there are signs of a severe Dvořák fashion setting in. Already the critics are growing enthusiastic over the merits of that sublime symphony, *From the New World*, and if I mistake not these early and as yet faint mutterings herald an approaching Dvořák storm. I hope my prophecy will prove true, for, after all, Dvořák has more to give us than Tchaikowsky, who, apart from his popular symphony, has not very much to say. At the same time there is a slightly firmer demand for Brahms, mainly because the public, thanks to the German *Lieder* craze, is beginning to appreciate his songs. The second symphony has been a favourite with musicians for some time, but attention was recently called by Dr. Richter to the beauties of the first symphony; it is just possible that the public, with its education in modern music, will ultimately take Brahms to its bosom—stranger things have happened.

The fashion for conductors is also worthy of note. At present Herr Mottl is the favourite. He enjoys a measure of popularity that must surprise even himself, and I am not sure if the public could give any reason for the extraordinary enthusiasm with which it greets the appearance of the Carlsruhe conductor. Undoubtedly he is great, but he is not greater than many men who have never been so idolized by the public. But Herr Mottl must be prepared for the certain change of fashion. Already M. Lamoureux has gained the ear of the public—

a thing which at one time seemed quite outside possibilities—and many of us are returning to the Richter fold with increased admiration and reverence for the splendid and unique gifts of the Viennese conductor. And so the world rolls on; one fashion follows another; the pendulum swings to and fro; the man fashionable to-day is out of fashion to-morrow, and the man who was unfashionable yesterday finds himself to-day acclaimed the favourite. There is comfort, however, in the apparently cruel dictates of fashion. The fierce light of popularity in the end burns up and destroys all that is mediocre dress in art; only the pure gold remains.

DIOGENES.

A PENNYWORTH FOR A PENNY.

ONE cannot open a musical paper in these days without one's eye falling upon such phrases as "Musical Competition," "Tournaments of Song," "Eisteddfod," "Feis Ceoil," and the like, all meaning, we take it, much the same thing, and all bearing testimony to the general and widespread feeling of the importance of the improvement of musical knowledge.

And can it be doubted that this feeling is most wise—nay, most patriotic?—for we surely cannot look on music as a mere amusement for the delight of the refined and trained mind. Delight it is, and must be, but it is a delight that may be shared by cottage and palace alike, a power that may influence to the refinement as well as happiness of all minds alike. So must everyone who wishes well to the commonwealth at large bid a hearty God-speed to each and all these independent movements, aiming as they do at spreading and improving the nation's music.

But with our God-speeds we may add a hope that these volunteer gatherings may not draw away the general mind from the fact that the nation is already paying a huge sum for the teaching of singing in our elementary schools; and most wisely indeed if *only*—and this is the point—if *only* due care be taken that we get our pennyworth for a penny, and that the money granted for teaching singing be not employed in teaching discord, and in ruining both voice and ear of the taught. For let us bear in mind that singing is not like arithmetic; the wrongly done sum is rubbed out, and there is an end of it, but if the boys' natural harsh gurgle is passed as a note, and B flat is allowed to stand for B, so much absolute error is engrained—wrong is stamped on the mind under the mask of right. And it is much to be feared that that terrible sixpence a head for singing by ear (singing by note is somewhat of a guarantee of itself) is working out cruel mischief, ruining all hope of real singing for years to come in village after village throughout the land. Need we say more than that in a large proportion of our villages, children are supposed to be taught to sing by teachers who themselves know nothing of singing, and to complete the absurdity the result is adjudicated on by an inspector who probably knows no more than the teacher?

Now surely we who find the pennies have a right to ask for our pennyworth, and to say to My Lords of the Education Department, "If you do not think right to allow any to teach that 'a b' spells 'ab' without a certificate, we claim that no one shall be allowed, without a certificate, to attempt the infinitely more difficult task of teaching singing, to the risk of doing irremediable harm to voice and ear." "But how obtain sufficient number of certificated teachers?" Easily—thus: Let anyone who pleases—ladies, amateurs, as well as elementary teachers—present themselves before the Government Inspector of Music at the nearest training college, and, if

passed as efficient, receive a parchment on payment of a 5s. fee.

Many years ago John Hullah, of honoured memory, came to stay with the writer of these lines to talk over this very scheme, that met with his heartiest approval. On being asked, "How long would it take you to judge of a candidate's competence?" after a short pause he answered slowly, "I think three minutes would be ample." If the elementary teacher held a singing certificate, of course no outside help would be needed. If not, doubtless there would be some musical lady of the neighbourhood who would take a certificate, and supply fitting teaching.

Even if this source of teaching-power were dry, if it were known that for a 5s. fee an efficient teacher could obtain a certificate, the needful supply would be forthcoming. The cathedral choristers whose voices have just broken have often months, possibly years, on hand, when they would be delighted to obtain the congenial employment of taking the singing class in neighbouring villages, and no one better than they.

It is hardly worth while to point out the existing absurdity of making the teaching of a certain proportion of the school a condition of any grant whatsoever, and of making the payment per head. Would any capable teacher pretend to teach a whole school? Would he not at first gradually select the small sparks of voice and ear, so to speak—probably very small indeed—and try to fan and coax these sparks into a flame that should ultimately set the hearts of the rest aglowing with the delights of real music?

And would any capable teacher think of teaching by ear? It may look to the uninitiated a long way indeed from that black note through the eye and the brain to the voice, but the leading of the sympathetic hand of the capable teacher knows how to make it both short and pleasant, and if the notation does not become almost as familiar to eye and brain as the alphabet itself, there can be but small hope of the lessons taught at school becoming a comfort and refreshment to a man or woman in after days.

For let us well and duly weigh what a possible blessing to the land at large we are allowing to slip. Those weary sums on the slate are so much of arithmetic laid up in store for the future; the reading book of the boy surely is for the help of the man. And just the same music taught in the school should be for the comfort and recreation of homes.

And will anyone deny that there are homes that do need a little such comfort and a little such recreation? Our ears are well-nigh stunned with the doleful lamentations over the drunkenness of the working man. Well, what has he to keep him by his own fireside? "Read"? with all those children rollicking about! "Talk to his wife"? Why she, poor soul, has her work set in quieting that fractious baby. Is it a wonder that he will sometimes slink off to the "Chequers" to enjoy the company of others with rollicking children and occupied wives at home?

Now change the scene, and let us suppose that the nation has got its pennyworth for its penny. Father, mother, and children can all read the cheap music sheets they have at hand. That baby will go off to sleep at once if mother sings it a lullaby with her trained voice. She will soon be free to join in the part-song. And those rollicking children will be quiet enough if you only let them sing, especially if father will sing the bass. And thus would end the day in harmony of heart and voice that now closes in moody silence, angry complaint, or surly retort.

J. POWELL METCALFE.

LETTER FROM LEIPZIG.

AGAIN there is a death to record, for on May 12th there died in Leipzig Professor Bernhard Vogel, musician and, above all, critic. His name has scarcely, perhaps, penetrated as far as England, but for Germany it was not without influence, as he not only wrote the musical notices for three or four Leipzig papers, but also furnished critiques to several outside ones. This is not, it is true, a profitable proceeding for artists and public, for the views and judgment of the one critic are by this means too one-sidedly propagated, so that the public is to a certain degree "forced." For the rest, he had a facile pen, was very well read and not unmusical, of which several compositions of his give evidence. The latter have certainly no positive value and have not had a large circulation, but they show that the man had learned something. Unfortunately, beyond these good qualities, he was wanting in character, so that a few years ago he found himself obliged to publicly justify himself, because he had brought out two brochures on the composer Liszt, which contained two diametrically opposite opinions—the one appearing under the pseudonym "Adler" was a flatly destructive critique of Liszt's compositions, whilst the other, under his own name, was a highly appreciative one. Naturally, his self-justification did not succeed particularly. Mendelssohn was in quite extraordinary disfavour with him, and his criticisms on *St. Paul*, the *Lobgesang*, etc., excited, as a matter of course, much indignation among unprejudiced, intelligent musicians. For the rest, the deceased must be praised for his great industry, for he attended every one of the numberless concerts, not seldom two on one evening, every opera *première*, and when a Gewandhaus Concert on a Thursday ended at half-past nine in the evening, a critique from Vogel's pen could be read already on Friday morning at six o'clock.

Since Urspruch's opera, *Das Unmögliche von Allem*, which has been laid aside after three representations, the theatre Direction here has produced no new opera, but only an operetta. This is the *Opernball*, by the Viennese composer and critic, Richard Heuberger. Heuberger began a full decade ago as a composer of serious aims, and had very good success with, *inter alia*, some serious orchestral variations on a theme of Schubert's at a Gewandhaus Concert, whilst he had less with an overture. Then again, his comic opera, *Abenteuer in einer Neujahrsnacht*, enjoyed a favourable reception, although it was unable to hold out for long. Since then nothing more had been heard of him in Leipzig until a year ago his ballet, *Struwwelpeter*, was performed, which was a mild fiasco, and disappeared from the repertoire after a few performances. On the other hand, Heuberger's new operetta is again applauded, for it has already lived through a not inconsiderable number of representations in the old theatre, and is now given also in the new theatre. It is a great pity that an artist like Heuberger, apparently for the sake of ephemeral and financial success, has betaken himself to this branch of the art, for he does not succeed, as a serious musician, in hitting off the genuine operetta tone. As comic opera, *Der Opernball* is too frivolous; as operetta, not "jolly" enough. In the entire work there is not a single striking piece, no "hit," and the collection of melodies which one can carry home with one is very small. The treatment of the orchestra is fairly refined; accordingly such a hard task falls to the orchestra as ordinary ones in small towns would find difficult of achievement. The subject is of little originality, but the plot is "ticklish" enough to please the public. The *mise-en-scène* is brilliant and the acting excellent; our favourite comedian, Herr Anton Franck, especially is convulsively comic. Therefore the dialogue excited the greatest applause, and next the dancing; the musical numbers, on the other hand, passed for the most part without a sign.

A jump similar to that of Heuberger from tragic overture to operetta is sometimes made by Capellmeister Nikisch, who, for example, after conducting Bach's *Passion* music on Good Friday, on June 4th directed the "Bettelstudenten," by Millöcker. He ought, however, to be praised for this, as he lent his aid thus to a charitable object (the Pension Fund of the Actors), for it must be a

great self-denial for a serious musician to occupy himself with music of this kind.

The flood of concerts has, in the meantime, much abated, and only one ought to be mentioned, that of the American composer, Carl Busch. He gave a concert in which exclusively his own compositions were brought to a hearing, of which those in the smaller forms made a very favourable impression, whilst the larger, and among these especially a symphony, left much to be desired. The programme was as follows:—Prologue to Tennyson's "Passing of Arthur," "Liebesscene" from Pastoral Suite, Symphony in D minor, Inauguration March, two pieces for string orchestra, (a) American Folk-song, (b) Elegy, "Elaine" (sketch after Tennyson), American Rhapsody.

In conclusion there is a correction to make. The name of the new singing teacher at the Conservatorium is not "Rundson," but Knudson (see last month's Letter).

LETTER FROM BERLIN.

THE most important musical event was the revival, by Imperial command, of Lortzing's comic opera *Die beiden Schützen*, at the Royal Opera, where it had not been heard since 1870, when Lilli Lehmann and Otto Schelper—both still prominent members of the lyric stage—were in the cast. At the special performance under notice Frau Herzog and Frl. Dietrich were in excellent voice, and Herren Buls, Lieban, Stammer, Philipp, Knüpfer, and Thomas were entitled to unqualified praise.

The favour shown to Lortzing's tuneful and refined music, set to his own capital libretti, is a movement deserving of cordial commendation; whilst also from a business point of view, the Administration has reason to be well satisfied, *Undine* having been given over fifty times in 1897, and *Czar und Zimmermann* twenty times from end of January to June. It is sad to think that this highly gifted poet, composer, conductor, vocalist—a born Berliner—died at Berlin in needy circumstances. But at that time the composers' "Tantième," which has in more recent times enriched so many smaller lights, was not yet invented. It is to be hoped, however, that at least the master's family will be adequately benefited by the anticipated success of a posthumous three-act serious opera, *Regina*, composed in 1848, and said to be, both as regards the text and the music, the composer's masterpiece, which has recently been handed by the Lortzing family to Director Emil Dürer for public performance. The well-known music publisher, Hugo Bock, is lending valuable aid in the matter, and the Imperial Administration has, moreover, generously resolved to pay 1 per cent. from the receipts of all Lortzing's operas to the family. A Lortzing monument is to be erected in Berlin, and the said Opera Administration has promised a performance for the benefit of the funds in course of collection.

Amongst the few belated concerts mention may be made of a Hoffmann von Fallersleben Festival, which was given at the New Royal Opera in memory of this truly popular poet and author of the "Unpolitische Lieder," on the centenary of his birth. The "Erk" Choral Society, besides Frau Pfander-Trühe and Herr Pfitzner as solo vocalists, did excellent service under the conductorship of Herren Theodor Hauptstein and Gustav Gäbler, in the rendering of part-songs and Lieder inspired by the poet's lines, which are as fresh and vivid to-day as when they first delighted and stirred the hearts of German patriots. The audience rose and joined with enthusiasm in the rendering of the "Lied der Deutschen."

The "Society for the Promotion of Art" produced some excerpts from an opera brought out at Cologne, *Die Hallinger*, by Friedrich E. Koch. The music is of average merit, without leaving any deep impression.

The programme of a recital given by the eminent organ virtuoso, Deckert, included a very remarkable set of variations, grandiose in conception, and one of the most difficult organ pieces ever written, by Ludwig Thiele. His magnificent Chromatic Fantasia with Fugue in A minor, played by Bernhard Irrgang, was referred to last month.

June, 1898.

J. B. K.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of THE MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATA, Op. 109.

DEAR SIR,—The question raised by Mr. A. G. Becker is one of considerable interest. Steingraber, in his edition of the Beethoven Sonatas, gives the same reading as the Breitkopf and Härtel critical edition; and he declares that this is the reading of the *autograph* (which Nottebohm, by the way, in his Thematic Catalogue of the works of Beethoven, published in 1868, names as then in the possession of M. Schlesinger, of Baden-Baden), and of a revised copy (revised, we presume, by Beethoven). For the sake of clearness we give the Steingraber reading—



The notes are the same as those of B. and H., yet the ♯ before the *e* in the last bar deserves attention. The repeat marks I have added to shorten quotation. But Steingraber asserts that it was so abbreviated in the autograph, but overlooked, and hence the passage was given in shortened form in the editions of Schlesinger (the original edition) and Cappi and Diabelli. It is, however, still possible, though scarcely likely, that in revising the proofs of the Sonata, Beethoven may have struck out the repeated bars. In Mandyczewski's edition of the Sonatas, based on the oldest editions, we accordingly find the shortened form, and also the ♯ before the *e* alluded to above. Mr. Becker further refers to differences of harmony between the editions of Dr. Bülow and Dr. Riemann. I have not a copy of the Riemann edition, but I presume he refers to the last bar of above quotation. Moscheles and Bülow have



but Steingraber and Mandyczewski no ♯ before the *e*, and no *x* before the semiquaver *c's*. On the contrary, a ♯ not absolutely necessary is placed before the *e* to prevent any mistake. How those different versions arose seems a mystery. It is curious that the Bülow edition, with the repeated bars (correct according to Steingraber) does not follow his reading of the last bar; he has the *e* sharp and *c* double-sharp. Moreover, Bülow ties the upper *b* crotchets (the first to the *b* of the preceding bar, the second to the one of the following bar).

Yours truly,
J. S. SHEDLOCK.

OUR MUSIC PAGES.

ORGANISTS have been somewhat neglected of late in our Music Supplements, but their turn has come at last, as this time we print one of the "Three Andantes for the Organ," recently written by Mr. George Saint-George. The opening bars (in D major) have a soothing sort of rhythm, with that gentle rocking motion which is suggestive of a lullaby, but the middle section (in G major) is of a different character, and, without becoming noisy, or even very lively, has a quite wideawake rhythm which does away with the resemblance.

Reviews of New Music and New Editions.

Short Original Pieces for the Pianoforte, Fifth Series : Nos. 111-125. London : Augener & Co.

No. 111, *The Spinning-Wheel and Grief*, by Max Pauer, two clever pieces, differing, as one can see from the titles, greatly in character. No. 112, *Consolation*, Op. 82, No. 13, by Stephen Heller, which answers well to its name, is a favourite of long standing. No. 113, *Gavotte and Musette*, by C. Reinecke, is a model of simplicity. The *Gavotte*, fresh as a daisy, is well set off by the quiet *Musette* with its quaint, drone bass. No. 114, *Two Waltzes*, by A. Jensen, are as graceful as they are light; as beautiful as they are brief. No. 115 is *Grandmamma Tells a Ghost Story*, Op. 81, No. 3, by Th. Kullak. Ghost stories sometimes create alarm, but this one gives pleasure; towards the close "Grandmamma goes to sleep." No. 116 is *Albumblatt*, by Th. Kirchner, and No. 117, *Frolicking*, by A. Strelezki. These two lively little pieces require nimble fingers. No. 118, *Skizze* (B flat), by H. Kjerulf, is an expressive song without words. No. 119, *Melodic Tone-picture*, by A. Loeschhorn, is bright and gay. No. 120 comprises *Canaries and Pavane*, by E. Pauer. The one displays grace, the other stateliness; and each in its own way pleases. No. 121, *Albumblatt*, by Cornelius Gurlitt, is a light, tripping piece; the middle section, though forming a good antithesis, is rhythmically connected with the opening one. No. 122, *The Nightingale in the Copse*, by Th. Kullak, Op. 81, No. 8, is a little tone-poem full of charming melody, amid which one hears the song of Philomel. No. 123, *Repentance*, by J. L. Nicodé, displays thought and feeling; it is in the mournful key of B flat minor. No. 124, *Intermezzo*, by Niels W. Gade, is extremely light, and in addition graceful. No. 125, *Papillons*, by R. Schumann, Op. 2, No. 10, one of the composer's most attractive, most spontaneous compositions; the movement of a butterfly seems to be expressed in the wavy accompaniment, and especially in the ascending passages in the first and second lines of page 3.

Serenatella. By E. DEL VALLE DE PAZ, Op. 66, No. 3.

For (a) piano solo; (b) organ; (c) violoncello and piano. London : Augener & Co.

THE principal charm of this piece lies in its simplicity: it seems as if it must have been written without effort in a moment of happy inspiration; yet ease is often the outcome of effort. The writing for the instrument shows a skilful hand; there are some pleasing points of imitation. A light touch and most careful phrasing are necessary for the music to produce its proper effect. There are two excellent transcriptions of this *Serenatella*: one for organ, by J. Matthews, the other for 'cello and pianoforte, apparently by the composer himself.

Saltarello on a theme from Mendelssohn's 4th Symphony, Op. 77. For piano solo. By STEPHEN HELLER. Revised, phrased and fingered by O. THÜMER. (Edition No. 6478; price, net, 1s.) London: Augener & Co.

THE popularity of this piece is easily accounted for: the Mendelssohn Symphony has many admirers, while the transcription of the Finale, by Heller, is bright and brilliant, yet not difficult to play. There is, nevertheless, good practice in it; the tempo is rapid, and the execution must be clean and crisp. There is a useful footnote on page 6 with regard to the rendering of the major section. Again, on the last page the large repeated arpeggio chord is reduced—with little, if any, loss of effect—for small hands.

Pianoforte School for Young Beginners (Klavierschule für junge Anfänger.) By CARL ENGEL. Books II., III. and IV. Newly revised and augmented by CORNELIUS GURLITT. (Edition Nos. 8219 *b*, *c* and *d*; price, net, 1s. 6d. each.) London: Augener & Co.

WE noticed in our last issue the first Book of this excellent Pianoforte School. Book II. deals with the sharp, the flat, and the natural; then the bass clef and the notes on it. After that come the values of notes, rests, keys, etc. The names, too, of the various intervals are mentioned, and examples given of them. In Book III. scales are introduced with the wise remark that "it is impossible to achieve anything satisfactory in pianoforte playing without being able to play the scales well." Common chords, major and minor, with their inversions, are defined and illustrated; and in Book IV., chords of the seventh are described. By this means the pupil acquires a knowledge of the elements of harmony in an informal manner; he looks at music with the intellect as well as the eye, and is thus able to read it with greater ease and rapidity. Book IV. continues with scales, and at the end all the major and minor scales are given with fingering. Shakes and turns are also discussed. Besides the subjects mentioned various technical terms are explained. In addition to definitions and explanations, many little hints are given with regard to the manner in which the pieces are to be rendered; our author wishes not only to impart knowledge, but to guide the taste and develop the musical feeling of pupils. *Con espressione*, we read, means *with expression*; the learner is, however, told that in the desire to play with much expression he must not accent the notes too strongly, or exaggerate the emphasis laid upon certain notes, for this "sounds affected and unpleasant." And here is another piece of advice: "When the melody is to be played with the left hand it must be played rather louder, so as to be prominent. But it must always be smooth and agreeable—never hard and rough." The great variety in the music given for practice deserves mention: there are airs from operas, national melodies, short extracts from sonatas, marches, waltzes, etc. There are also several pieces by Cornelius Gurlitt, under whose careful editorship this Pianoforte School is now being issued.

Perles Musicales: Recueil de Morceaux de Salon pour Piano, 7me Série. No. 81, *Folie d'Espagne & Forlane*, by E. PAUER; No. 82, *Marcia funebre*, by MAX REGER; No. 83, *The Rain Fairy*, Op. 147, No. 15, by C. REINECKE; and No. 84, *Tarantelle*, Op. 62, No. 12, by X. SCHARWENKA. London: Augener & Co.

"CES belles chaconnes, ces Folies d'Espagne," wrote Mme. de Sevigné close on two hundred years ago in referring to the admirable dancing of the son of the

seneschal of Rennes. The old Spanish dance still lives, and is presented by Mr. Pauer in bold, vigorous style. The *Forlane*, delightful in rhythm and harmony, offers excellent contrast. Mr. Max Reger's *Funeral March* is simple and dignified. The simplicity deserves note, for this talented composer has not always remembered the old saying, *ars celare artem*! An expressive Trio in the relative major gives effective relief to the March proper, with its persistent rhythm and sombre colouring. Reinecke's dainty *Rain Fairy* will be found a welcome guest, but she must be entertained in light, delicate manner. Scharwenka's *Tarantelle* is bright, brilliant, and clever.

Filigrana: Melodische Übungsstücke für das Pianoforte, von ARNOLD KRUG; Op. 77, No. 2, *Frühlingslied* (Spring-song). London: Augener & Co.

THIS is a fresh, pleasing little piece, which, though not difficult to play, contains good and profitable work for the fingers. Music of this kind is always in request.

Tarantelle, Op. 8. *Lily of the Valley Mazurka*, Op. 14. By SYDNEY SMITH. (Edition Nos. 6447, 6448; price, each, net, 1s.) London: Augener & Co.

THESE favourite pieces of Sydney Smith are now issued in a new dress and cheaper form—i.e. as two of the Augener Edition volumes. They have enjoyed immense popularity for many years (Wagnerites notwithstanding!), and in their present garb will doubtless take on a new lease of life.

Gradus ad Parnassum. A collection of Violin Studies in progressive order. Selected, carefully revised, and fingered, with annotations and remarks, by ERNST HEIM. Books VI. and VII. (Edition Nos. 5476 and 5477; price, each, net, 2s.) London: Augener & Co.

THIS comprehensive collection is gradually increasing in size and in interest; the difficulties also with which the player has to grapple become greater, but when he approaches them through the earlier "steps," they are far easier to cope with. Book VI. is occupied with changes between the 1st and 6th and 1st and 7th positions. The Studies are by Hofmann, Kreutzer, Mazas, Rode, Alard, de Bériot, etc.; technique is, of course, the principal aim in them, yet they by no means lack musical interest. In Book VII. still higher positions (8th to 12th) are reached. The first study, by E. Heim, in which all the major scales, commencing with A, succeed each other at the interval of a semitone, and without break, is intended for daily practice. A Study in cadenza passages by Kreutzer (No. 125) is particularly recommended for "very careful practice." An excellent series of Studies on the shake commences with a transcription of the well-known pianoforte Study by Cramer in E major. Again we would call attention to the careful editorship; Mr. E. Heim does all he can by means of finger- and bow-marks, also comments, to help the student.

Souvenir du Bosphore; Tarantelle; L'Orage. Pour Violon avec accompagnement de Piano, par H. VIEUXTEMPS; Op. 22, Nos. 4, 5, and 6. Revus par RICHARD SCHOLZ. (Edition Nos. 7594d, *e*, and *f*; price, each, net, 1s.) London: Augener & Co.

VIEUXTEMPS, like his contemporary Vincent Wallace, was amazingly fond of travel; he visited not only the whole of Europe, but every quarter of the globe. The *Souvenir du Bosphore* is not a mere title; the piece is the musical record of a journey to the Near East. It contains difficulties, but Vieuxtemps was supreme master of

his instrument, and they are not only practicable, but even grateful to the executant. The *Tarantelle*, full of life and spirit, is an excellent specimen of *salon* music. *L'Orage* is not exactly a storm on four strings, for the pianoforte has its share of the thunder and lightning; the composer, however, produces some extraordinary effects on his instrument. A quiet *cantabile* middle section, during which only the muttering of distant thunder is heard, offers welcome relief. The supervising hand of Herr Scholz may be often traced in phrase and other marks.

Adagio Élégiue, pour Violon avec Accompagnement de Piano. Op. 5. Par HENRI WIENIAWSKI. (Edition No. 7498; price 1s., net.) London: Augener & Co.

A MAN'S character is usually reflected in his playing and in his works, and those who can remember the great *virtuoso* will feel how true this is of him. He was of an impetuous nature; but, as often happens, he could be at times tender and gentle; and in this *Adagio*, one of his best and most attractive pieces, we meet with similar oppositions; and this, from a purely musical point of view, is of advantage.

Old Chamber Music (Alte Kammermusik). Edited and arranged by DR. HUGO RIEMANN. Score, Book I. (Edition No. 5391; price, 2s. net.) London: Augener & Co.

THIS collection, of which we have here a first instalment, will contain canzones, sonatas, etc. (*da chiesa* and *da camera*), for strings alone, or with a thorough-bass, by composers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Every earnest musician knows how interesting, and also how instructive, it is to study the works of early masters. This first book contains pieces by the two Gabrielis (one or two examples are given published in the sixteenth century, it is true, but towards the close), whose music displays both skill and breadth; a Canzon a 8 of Andrea, with antiphonal effects, which is a bold, striking composition; and a dignified Ricercar, by Gregor Aichinger, organist to that distinguished patron of music, the wealthy Jacob Fugger, of Augsburg. Besides two Canzone by Frescobaldi, there is an interesting Fuga a 4 by Landgraf Moritz von Hessen, which Dr. Riemann has probably unearthed from some library. Some of the pieces have a piano part *ad lib.*, others an accompaniment evolved from a *continuo*. In these elaborate accompaniments—for they are no mere reduplications of the strings—Dr. Riemann shows much skill and independence of thought.

Chorus of Houris, from Schumann's Paradise and the Peri, for Female Voices with Pianoforte accompaniment. (Edition No. 4360; price, net, 6d.) London: Augener & Co.

SCHUMANN'S music on its first production was, for the most part, coldly received. *Paradise and the Peri*, however, excited attention from the first. After its production, in 1843, the work was given twice in rapid succession. It is said that from this time the fame of Schumann was firmly established in Germany. The *Chorus of Houris* is one of the most delightful numbers of the work. It is clear in rhythm; the composer here properly abstained from syncopations, also from elaborate harmonies. The words have been specially translated into English for this new edition by Miss Balcombe.

Interludes. By HENRY CHARLES BANISTER. Collected and Edited by Stewart Macpherson. London: George Bell & Sons.

THIS is a collection of "seven lectures delivered between the years 1891 and 1897," preceded by an excellent photographic portrait of Mr. Banister. The titles of the

lectures are—"The Uses of Musical Knowledge," "The Appreciation of Music," "Music and Preaching" (delivered before the students of Hackney Theological College), "The Development of Movement Structure," "Some Thoughts concerning Musical Composition," "Counterpoint in Modern Free Composition," and "The Music of the Victorian Era" (a Jubilee lecture delivered only last year). The subjects are diverse, but the style always that combination of the thoughtful with the practical, and with those peculiarly "happy" illustrations, which we have been accustomed to in the writings and utterances of the late lamented musician. For instance, how true this is (p. 139): "Some mannerisms are also, to coin a term, narrowisms"; how sarcastic and how urgently called for is the remark (p. 188): "I may be allowed to drop the hint that in listening to large performances it is well to remember that it is not the conductor who performs the works but the players"; and, again, how necessary nowadays is the insistence (apropos of the author's "antiquated" admiration for Mozart): "Not to wander does not mean not to advance; to hold fast to early-imbibed principles does not imply no onward progress, no enlargement. Knowledge and understanding must be cumulative, *not supplanting or usurping*" (p. 123). Dozens of such "plums" might be picked out, but we would rather refer our readers to the original, and only add that the author's personal reminiscences (incidentally occurring) of such men as Spohr, Sterndale Bennett, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, etc., are not the least interesting feature in the book.

Operas and Concerts.

THE RING DES NIBELUNGEN AT COVENT GARDEN.

LORD CHESTERFIELD once wrote a long letter to his son; "I have not time," he said, "to write a short one." Wagner could not plead the same excuse for the length of his *Ring*, which from first to last occupied his attention for more than a quarter of a century; as the scheme gradually took shape, so it increased in bulk. It seems, indeed, as if Wagner took pleasure in prolonging rather than pruning; though, in criticizing, one is far too apt to forget the special conditions under which he wished the work to be heard. The question of length leads quite naturally to that of cuts. It was announced that the *Ring* would be given entire, yet at the first cycle, commencing June 6th, *Siegfried* was curtailed, not, however, on account of its length, but because Messrs. Jean and Edouard de Reszke had studied the work with certain cuts. The scheme of transplanting Bayreuth to London was a bold one, and this tampering with the text of the master, which naturally aroused the anger of Wagnerites, ought to, and with due precaution might, we think, have been avoided. It is announced that at the concluding cycle these two eminent artists will make full atonement for their—if, indeed, they really be the guilty parties—sins of omission.

In the performance of *Rheingold*, Herr Van Rooy deserves first mention; he has a magnificent voice, and knows how to use it. He is also imposing in appearance and in gesture, so that his impersonation of Wotan was most satisfactory. M. Van Dyck, as Loge, displayed life, humour, and, one or two moments excepted, dignity. The Fricka of Miss Marie Brema was good, though the part does not quite suit her. Frau Schumann-Heink was excellent as Erda.

In the *Walküre*, Sieglinde was impersonated by Mme. Eames. Her singing was delightful, although at times her voice seemed to lack power. A graceful appearance and simple demeanour are good in their way, but emotional warmth is also necessary for the part, and in this quality Mme. Eames fell short. It must, however, be remembered that she was assuming the rôle for the first time, and it may reasonably be supposed that she

THREE ANDANTES

for the Organ

by

G. SAINT-GEORGE.

Nº 1, in D.

Gt. Diap^s 8 ft.
Swell to Oboe.
Choir stopped Diap. 8 ft.
Ped. 16 ft.

Con moto.

MANUALE.

Gt.

Swell

PEDALE.

Coupl. to Sw.

[illegible]

The musical score for 'The Swan' by Camille Saint-Saëns is presented in three staves. The top staff is for the Choir, the middle for the Swan (Sw.), and the bottom for the Uncoupled Guitar (un耦. Gt.). The music is in 3/4 time and D major. The Choir part begins with a vocal line, followed by the Swan's entry with a melodic line and a bass line. The Uncoupled Guitar part provides a rhythmic accompaniment. The score includes dynamic markings such as *dim. rall.* and *un耦. Gt.*.

The musical score for "The Rose Tree" is presented in three systems. The first system contains the first two staves, the second system contains the next two staves, and the third system contains the final two staves. The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The first staff (treble clef) features a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The second staff (treble clef) provides harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The third staff (bass clef) provides a bass line with quarter and eighth notes. The score concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to G major. Annotations include "Gt. to principal" with an arrow pointing to the first staff and "cp. to Gt." with an arrow pointing to the third staff.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a series of chords and melodic lines. A bracket labeled "Swell" spans the first two measures. A bracket labeled "Gt." spans the third measure. The bass staff contains a series of chords and a melodic line. The second system has a single bass staff. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a series of chords and a melodic line. A bracket labeled "Gt." spans the first two measures.

cp. to Sw.

cresc.

a tempo

dim. e rall.

Sw.

uncl. Gt.

cp. to Sw.

Gt. princ. off

Sw.

rall.

First system of musical notation, featuring three staves (treble, middle, and bass) in G major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the middle and bass staves.

Second system of musical notation, featuring three staves. The first staff is labeled "cp. to Sw." and the second staff is labeled "Gt.". The third staff is labeled "cp. to Gt.".

Third system of musical notation, featuring three staves. The first staff is labeled "dim. Choir" and the second staff is labeled "uncpl. Gt.".

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring three staves. The first staff is labeled "rall.".

did not feel quite at her ease. M. Van Dyck's Siegmund proved more satisfactory from a histrionic than from a vocal point of view, and to those who know him this occasioned no surprise. A cantabile passage is a severe test for him, and his intonation is uncertain. Still, with all his vocal faults, he is an able and experienced artist. In the second and third acts Miss Marie Brema (Brünnhilde) and Herr Van Rooy riveted the attention of the audience. The scene in which the former announces to Siegmund his defeat in the coming fight was most impressive; and the one in which Wotan tells of his troubles and disappointments to his sympathetic Walkyrie was a marvel of fine declamation and powerful singing. In the "farewell" scene, Act 3, Herr Van Rooy might have shown a little more tenderness.

In the long first act of *Siegfried* M. Jean de Reszke represented the fearless youth, and Herr Breuer the wily dwarf; yet, in spite of much that was good, neither of these artists aroused the proper enthusiasm. M. Van Dyck was, on the whole, tame, especially in the forge music. We have heard, at various times, exceptionally fine exponents of the difficult rôle of Mime, and in looking at and listening to Herr Breuer it was only natural to compare past and present. He has made a careful and intelligent study of the part; nevertheless, when suddenly despatched by Siegfried, one did not feel any pity for his fate. Wagner's dwarf was certainly cunning, selfish, and even wicked, yet his deformed body and dull life—whether as slave to Alberich in Niebelheim, or as master in the gloomy cavern—ought to arouse a certain sympathy. Mime was perhaps as wicked as Hagen, though less repulsive. Herr Breuer never made us quite forget that he was only an embodiment of the dwarf. Frau Schumann-Heink again distinguished herself as Erda. The fight with the dragon was, as usual, ineffective. The *Ring* is so great a work that an artistic error, such as we conceive this introduction of the dragon to be, entails little harm. Everything Wagner did was on a big scale; hence an occasional misjudgment is bound to be a glaring one. In the closing act Miss Brema and M. J. de Reszke achieved a brilliant success. Two artists of this calibre may fully understand and appreciate Wagner's reasons for reducing, at times, the musical interest to a minimum; but they must take special delight in such portions of the *Ring* as, for instance, this closing one of *Siegfried*, in which they have really grand opportunities of showing by their singing what nature, strengthened by art, can accomplish.

In the performance of the *Götterdämmerung* there was much to admire. M. Jean de Reszke was unable to appear, and this was, of course, a great disappointment, for it was to have been his first appearance, on any stage, in this closing section of the *Ring*. His place was taken, and at very short notice, by Herr Dippel, who, if he were only of stouter build and more commanding stature, would make an uncommonly good Siegfried, for he is an artist of marked intelligence and ability. Mme. Nordica was the Brünnhilde, and sang wonderfully well, though it was only occasionally that she realized the tragic events, *quorum pars magna fuit*; her demeanour in presence of the dead body of Siegfried seemed particularly cold. As regards acting, she showed to best advantage in the scene with Waltraute, another triumph, by the way, for Schumann-Heink. M. Edouard de Reszke assumed the difficult rôle of Hagen for the first time. He looked well and sang finely; when, however, the assumption has become familiar to him, he will, no doubt, by many a subtle movement or gesture, reveal in fuller manner the evil nature of that demon in human form. An accomplished artist like M. E. de Reszke may be trusted not to overdo the part.

The services of Mr. Felix Mottl as conductor deserve due recognition. Brünnhilde has a good long rest—we might say sleep—while the releasing sword is being forged and the dragon slain; and though Siegfried is constantly on the stage in the section bearing his name, he has nothing to do in the first two sections, and even in the *Götterdämmerung* has periods of repose. But Mr. Mottl is always occupied, and the strain—for stage and orchestra has to be watched—must be considerable. The same duties undoubtedly devolved on conductors before Wagner's time; yet the most important score of any of his predecessors will not compare with that of the *Ring* either for length or complexity; in easy Italian opera of the old school

the post of conductor was, of course, little more than a sinecure. Mr. Mottl displayed throughout exemplary patience and marked ability. There were, certainly, rough or uncertain moments, but for these he could scarcely be held responsible; limited rehearsals may have been the cause. The magnificent rendering of the *Walküre*, and the energetic and impressive reading of the Funeral March in *Götterdämmerung* were the most striking features during the four evenings; but in the later cycles, after the experience of the first, and with opportunities for further rehearsal, it is probable that uniform excellence will cause the portions named to stand out less prominently.

With regard to stage effects and stage management it will be best not to enter into particulars. It is said that the Bayreuth Theatre was built for a special purpose, and with special appliances, and that it would not be fair to institute comparison between Covent Garden and Bayreuth. That may be so, but there still remains the question whether everything was done here as well as was possible with the means to hand. The other cycles, in which certain improvements are sure to be made, will give the best answer. Whatever shortcomings in any department there may have been, all musicians, and especially those who are in sympathy with the art-work of Wagner, must feel grateful to Mr. Schulz-Curtius for having planned and arranged with Mr. Maurice Grau the production of the *Ring*, at any rate to some large extent, on Bayreuth lines.

THE BEAUTY STONE.

AUDIENCES have been so accustomed to the "topsy-turvy-dom" of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, as seen in *The Mikado*, *Pinafore*, and other delightfully whimsical productions, that the new departure made in *The Beauty Stone* scarcely won the favour with which Savoy productions are generally received. The authors, Messrs. Pinero and Comyns-Carr, are writers of great ability, but do not quite catch the tone expected by Savoy patrons. They have produced a kind of *Faust* legend clever enough in its way but not humorous. A crippled and unattractive weaver's daughter laments her want of beauty, as she secretly loves the lord of Mirlmont, an ancient Flemish town, but that potentate is already fascinated by an Oriental beauty. Like *Faust*, the crippled girl is visited by the Evil One, who gives her a beauty stone which changes her to a lovely maiden, who surpasses all others at a beauty contest, where she not only wins the prize, but captivates the lord of Mirlmont, who, however, is induced by his friend to seek martial glory instead of devoting himself to feminine blandishments. The use made of the beauty stone is singular, for the father of the heroine is also transformed to a gallant youth. The hero comes back from the wars totally blind, and therefore unable to discover that the weaver's daughter has lost her beauty, but he craves her companionship, and his union with her brings the piece to a close. Sir Arthur Sullivan's is rather like the incidental music of a drama than operatic, but a prayer for the heroine, an Oriental song for the beautiful mistress of the lord of Mirlmont, a quintet, and some of the choruses are in the composer's customary graceful and melodious style. *The Beauty Stone* is what the French call a *succès d'estime*. It was well performed.

BEETHOVEN AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

MR. HIRSCHBERG gave the first of three Beethoven recitals at St. George's Hall on June 20th. The novelty on that occasion was a musical drama called *Adelaide*, adapted from a German play on the subject. Messrs. Gustav Hein and Bispham had made a fair translation of the original, and the popular baritone appeared as the great composer, looking somewhat too robust for that character, but acting and singing with his customary talent. Miss Julia Opp sustained the part of Adelaide, Miss A. Skipworth and Mr. Neal McCay appearing successfully in other characters. A Beethoven concert was included in which Madame Blanche Marchesi sang the charming *Lieder-Kreis*. Miss Fanny Davies, and Messrs. Johannes Wolff, Van Waeleghem, and Hollman, also assisted in the instrumental department, Mr. Henry Bird accompanying admirably.

THE CARL ROSA COMPANY.

LOVERS of opera in English will hear with great regret of the collapse of the Carl Rosa Company. On Wednesday, June 15th, a final meeting was held, and it was proposed by Mr. Moul, seconded by Mr. Weblyn, and supported by Mrs. Carl Rosa, that the company should be wound up in voluntary liquidation owing to the great losses it had sustained. The deficiency on the past year had been over £6,000, and a further loss of £3,000 was admitted on the last spring tour. It is hoped there will be sufficient assets to pay the shareholders, who have been most unfortunate in having received no dividend for a long period. Many rumours are circulated as to the future, and it is stated that the company will be revived under other management. Whatever may result from these arrangements, none can view without regret the position of a society established with artistic aims and failing so completely to realise them profitably.

DALY'S THEATRE.

The Greek Slave, which Mr. George Edwards has brought out at Daly's Theatre, indicates that both managers and the public are willing to take a higher stand in the matter of lighter musical pieces. We have had so much frivolity, and "opera comique"—which was neither comic nor artistic—has wearied out its most enthusiastic supporters. "Musical comedy" has also had its day; as a rule it was merely commonplace farce with commonplace music added. In *The Greek Slave* Mr. Owen Hall has provided a book of a superior kind, and the lyrics of Messrs. Greenbank and Adrian Ross are really suitable for musical setting, which is more than can be said of most "words for music" at the present day. Mr. Sydney Jones, the composer, is perhaps somewhat conventional occasionally in his music, but his melodies are always agreeable and cleverly scored. It must be remembered to his credit that the composer is bound to gratify the demand for tuneful passages. But he has excellent vocalists, and has provided them with pretty airs. Miss Marie Tempest is very successful in the principal songs. Mr. Hayden Coffin, Miss Letty Lind, and Misses Hilda Moody and Maggie May also contribute graceful vocal assistance, and the choruses are fairly well executed. The scenery and costumes are of a superior kind, and altogether we must repeat that *The Greek Slave* is a great advance in artistic effect, and well deserves its popularity. Classical music cannot be expected in light pieces of this kind, but the tunes need not be trivial and vulgar, and the composer has happily escaped that pitfall.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

MR. EUGENE D'ALBERT appeared at the concert of Thursday, June 9th, in the triple capacity of conductor, composer, and pianist. Four works by him were included in the programme. One was his symphony in F, Op. 4, first performed under Dr. Richter, May 14th, 1886. There was also a dramatic solo for a soprano voice called "The Little Mermaid's Death and Transfiguration," and two shorter vocal pieces sung by Madame D'Albert, who made her first appearance in England on this occasion. The symphony obtained a more cordial reception than when first heard in London. "The whirligig of time brings its revenges," and musical amateurs now understand Mr. D'Albert and his compositions much better than they did a dozen years ago. The composer and his talented wife had a most complimentary greeting. As a pianist Mr. D'Albert fully sustained his reputation in the "Emperor" Concerto of Beethoven, which he played in magnificent style, and proved himself to be one of the greatest of living pianists. He was four times recalled at the close of this remarkable performance. Sir A. C. Mackenzie introduced the interlude from his opera, *The Troubadour*, called "The Feast," at this concert, and was quite justified in doing so, as the music was thoroughly appreciated.

MR. GANZ'S JUBILEE.

THE crowded state of Queen's Hall on Tuesday, June 7th, emphatically proved the high esteem in which Mr. Ganz is held in the musical world, and the brilliant programme he presented

had no slight influence in increasing the attendance. It was a most elaborate concert, and lasted for four hours. Mme. Patti was the chief vocalist, and sang her very best in music of Mozart and Rossini, and being unable to resist the clamorous demands for more, she gave Lotti's "Pur dicesti" in a manner that will not easily be forgotten. As for Mr. Ganz himself, that modest musician was almost overwhelmed by the applause and floral tributes showered upon him. After fifty years of devotion to the best interests of music, and after displaying during his whole career great talent as a conductor, pianist, and composer, it was gratifying to see the enthusiasm of the vast audience. It is hardly necessary, since so much has been said respecting this concert, to enter afresh into the details. It is enough to say that it was worthy of the man, and that the man was worthy of the flattering tribute he received. Mr. Ganz himself played Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, with quintet accompaniment. He would gladly have provided a complete orchestra, but at this busy season it could not be obtained. It was a remarkable entertainment, the musical portion being contrasted with recitals by some of the most popular actors and actresses.

RICHTER CONCERTS.

A RICHTER concert in the afternoon of June 4th greatly pleased the famous conductor's many admirers. They mustered in force, although we have seen the hall fuller, and it may be remarked that the largest audiences are always attracted by a Beethoven or Wagner programme. The overture by Robert Fuchs to Grillparzer's play *Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen* did not prove attractive, as the want of originality was too evident in the music. The Styrian composer is too great an admirer of Brahms, Schumann, and Wagner, and frequent passages remind the auditor of those composers. At the same time it must be admitted that Fuchs possesses ample knowledge, and his scoring is frequently effective. The fact, however, remains that the audience received his overture coldly. The *Casse-Noisette* suite of Tchaikowsky pleased greatly, and a fine performance was given of Dvořák's "From the New World" symphony. M. Busoni played the "Wanderer Fantasia" of Schubert, and Liszt's "Rhapsodie Espagnole" brilliantly. At the concert of Monday, June 20th, Dr. Richter added to his programme "Les Préludes," by Liszt. The principal item of this concert was the Beethoven Choral Symphony.

HERR KARL KLINDWORTH.

It is always pleasant to see a musician of great ability welcomed heartily after a long absence. This was the case when Herr Klindworth, who was well known in London thirty years ago, was seen once more at Mr. Frederick Dawson's concert, at St. James's Hall, and by an audience mainly of strangers. But if they did not recognize in the musician of sixty-eight one who was popular in London so long ago, many had heard of him as the skilful pianoforte arranger of the *Nibelungen Ring*, and as the editor of Chopin's works. On reappearing in London Herr Klindworth was seen only as a conductor, but his capacity in that department was fully sustained by his readiness in correcting one or two slips in the orchestra. He conducted Wagner's *Faust* Overture, and Liszt's *Orphée*, and displayed high ability in conducting the band in Tchaikowsky's B flat minor concerto, the solo of which was admirably played by Mr. Frederick Dawson. Several musical celebrities present gave Herr Klindworth a cordial greeting.

MR. ROBERT NEWMAN'S CONCERTS.

ON Wednesday, June 15th, Mr. Robert Newman gave a special "Tchaikowsky concert," the programme consisting almost entirely of works by the Russian composer. Two overtures by him attracted much attention. One was entitled "Triumphale," and was composed to celebrate the union of the late Czar with a Danish princess. The leading motive was based on the Danish National Anthem blended with a phrase or two of the Russian National Anthem. Some broad effects resulted from this combination. The second overture was on a truly national subject, the retreat of the French army from Moscow, and the

patriotic composer simply called it "1812." The date was sufficiently significant. A few passages of the "Marseillaise" are introduced, but they are drowned in the overwhelming tones of the Russian National Anthem. Apart from the special character of the work, it was interesting as an example of Tchaikowsky's earlier style. His "Symphonie Pathétique" was finely played by the Queen's Hall orchestra, and Mr. Wood conducted the work with great ability. It was to be regretted in such a concert that some vocal music by the composer was not chosen, but Miss Clara Butt sang "O ma Lyre" from Gounod's *Sapho*, an opera unsuccessfully produced at Covent Garden in 1851. On Wednesday, June 22nd, Mr. Newman gave a special Wagner Concert, the programme including "the procession of the gods into Walhalla," the prelude to *Die Meistersinger*, the introduction to the third act of *Tannhäuser*, the "Ride of the Valkyries," and the Venusberg music from *Tannhäuser*. Herr Van der Beeck made his first appearance in England at this concert, and sang airs from *Die Meistersinger* and *Lohengrin*.

MR. BISPHAM'S CONCERT.

MR. DAVID BISPHAM'S concert at St. James's Hall, on June 16th, was a thoroughly artistic event. The popular baritone had an enthusiastic reception, and delighted the visitors with some singularly interesting vocal items. Two songs now rarely heard were Schubert's "Der Jungling und der Tod," and "L'Incanto degli Occhi," both admirably interpreted. They were followed by the first performance in London of two songs by Beethoven, one a setting of Goethe's poem "Haidenröslein." This was a curiosity, for it had been arranged by Mr. Huss, an American musician, from one of Beethoven's note-books, in which the melody alone had been given. The other was Beethoven's "Erl König." This also was never completed, but the accompaniment was outlined in one or two instances. Herr Becker published the song last November, with a *facsimile* of the composer's MS. Herr Reinhold Becker has shown great reverence for the composer, and although Beethoven's "Erl König" will not displace that of Schubert, the interest it evoked can be well understood. Two songs by Hans Friedrich August Zincke (better known as Hans Sommer) were received with great favour, and a new song by Mr. George Henschel pleased the audience. Miss Leonora Jackson played some brilliant violin solos.

HERR MOTTE'S CONCERT.

A PROMINENT feature of the concert given at Queen's Hall on Wednesday, June 15th, was the concluding scene from *Parsifal*. Mr. David Bispham sang the monologue from the fourth act of *Der Fliegende Holländer* in his customary artistic manner, and Frau Schumann-Heink gave a splendid interpretation of Schubert's *Der Allmacht*, orchestrated by Liszt. The introduction to the second act of Mr. Eugene D'Albert's opera, *Gernot*, made less impression than was anticipated. The result is, however, by no means unusual when operatic music is performed in the concert room. The opera, it will be remembered, was produced at Mannheim in April last year. Beethoven's c minor symphony was finely played, and a very effective performance was that of Smetana's *Verkaufte Braut* overture.

PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

MDLLE. PANCERA gave her first recital on Friday, June 3rd. Meeting with a slight accident to one of her fingers, Mdle. Pancera omitted one or two pieces. Mdle. Olitzka, the contralto from the Royal Opera, sang instead. The pianist had an enthusiastic reception in a programme lacking novelty but brilliantly executed. She gave a second recital with great success at St. James's Hall, and was also honoured by Royal command to appear at Balmoral and pleased Her Majesty so much that she was requested to give a second recital to the Royal visitors.

On June 9th, MME. CARREÑO's second and last recital at St. James's Hall attracted a large audience, and the solid musicianly qualities and entire freedom from exaggeration or affectation of the artist were refreshing indeed in these days of virtuosity and

eccentricity. Liszt's transcription of Bach's G minor fantasia and fugue was followed by a fine rendering of the Waldstein sonata, and, among several other items, a group of Chopin pieces was most beautifully played.

Mr. EUGENE D'ALBERT gave a remarkable display of his powers as a pianist on Monday, June 13th, at St. James's Hall. His success was complete in a task few would have had the courage, the ability, and the physical endurance to attempt. He played sonatas by Beethoven (A flat), Liszt (B minor), Tchaikowsky (G minor), Weber (A flat), and Chopin (B minor). The versatility of the pianist was fully exhibited in the variety of styles needed to interpret works demanding so much technical skill, and a mode of expression and sentiment appropriate to the works of each composer. Seldom has any pianist made such a daring effort, and the success achieved was worthy of Mr. D'Albert's reputation. The applause of a very large audience was extremely enthusiastic.

M. DE PACHMANN gave a Chopin recital on June 18th, with remarkable success. He commenced with the B flat minor sonata, and played exquisitely, the Funeral March being rendered with great expression. Five of Chopin's preludes, two studies from Op. 10 and 25, the Nocturne, Op. 62, No. 1, and the posthumous waltz were given, the latter item being encored. In addition to the above, the pianist performed in his most artistic style the ballade in G minor, Op. 23, two mazurkas, and the A flat polonaise. M. de Pachmann has undoubtedly justified the claim of his admirers, who place him at the head of all performers of Chopin's music. It is not easy to imagine a finer rendering of the Polish composer's works.

MISS ELSA RUEGGER'S VIOLONCELLO RECITAL.

THIS very talented young lady gave a violoncello recital on June 16th, at Queen's Hall. She visited London a year ago, when her graceful style and command of her difficult instrument made a most favourable impression. A great technical advance may be remarked since then, and her performance of a concerto by Haydn was worthy of being ranked with the finest violoncello playing of the present day. Her tone is pure, and her execution neat and finished, while her unaffected manner enhances the interest of her charming playing.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE concert given by the students of the Royal Academy of Music, with Sir A. C. Mackenzie conducting, attracted a very large audience to Queen's Hall on the 21st of June. The first item was the Concertstück in c minor, Op. 122, by Wilm, for harp and orchestra, a work rarely heard, but far superior to most of the music composed for the harp. Miss A. M. Hughes was the performer, and did herself great credit. The Concertstück in F minor, Op. 33, for oboe and orchestra, by Rietz, was gracefully played by Miss Leila Bull. Miss Edith Byford gave an artistic rendering of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, the slow movement being expressively played. Henselt's Pianoforte Concerto in F minor, Op. 16, is an enormously difficult work for a student, but Miss Vera Margolies was quite equal to her task. There was little new in the way of composition, but some music of an incidental kind, written by A. von Ahn Carse to a recitation by Miss Annie Child, called "Marguerite of France," displayed considerable talent. Mr. Whitworth Mitton, Mr. Bertie Withers, and Mr. Robert Radford were also promising students. The female choir was heard in Schubert's fine chorus, "God in Nature."

MISCELLANEOUS MUSICAL ITEMS.

THE illness of Sir Arthur Sullivan has compelled the popular composer to cease work entirely for two months, and he has in consequence been obliged to abandon the composition of a new work for Leeds.—There may be some changes in the future of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, owing to Mr. Faber, the ground lessee, having decided to carry on the enterprise with aid of the syndicate. But the rumour that Wagner's works will not figure in forthcoming seasons is

altogether premature. Meanwhile Colonel Mapleson is preparing for an autumn campaign at the Olympic Theatre, at which opera in Italian, including Beethoven and Mozart, will be a feature.—The presence of Frau Cosima Wagner in London has caused quite a sensation in the musical world. The venerable lady has been much fêted, and she will have the pleasure of seeing that her husband's genius is more than ever appreciated in London. But Frau Wagner takes interest also in other composers, going to the Richter and various concerts. In fact, the esteemed widow of the great musician seems inclined to judge for herself as to the state of musical affairs in this country.—*H. nry the Eighth*, by M. Saint-Saëns, will shortly be produced at Covent Garden. The French composer makes havoc of English history, but for all that his work is effective, dramatic and melodious.—Madame Melba determines to hold aloof from the "advanced" school of opera. She will only sing three times, and a fabulous sum is said to be demanded for this temporary revival of the "star" system.—In aid of the funds for "building a church in the Potteries," a concert was given on June 27th by the Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House, Madame Melba, Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Ben Davies, Signor Tosti, Dr. Joachim, and other celebrities giving their services.—Sir A. C. Mackenzie is engaged in completing an orchestral suite intended to musically illustrate Byron's "Manfred." There will be three movements, respectively called "Astarte," "Pastorale," and "Flight of the Spirits."—Madame Patti was announced to sing at the Crystal Palace on June 25th, the commemoration festival. She has not appeared there for eighteen years, and was set down for Handel's "Mighty Kings," and Mozart's "Voi che sapete."

Musical Notes.

Berlin.—During the first quarter of 1898 the following operas show the largest number of performances on our principal German stages:—*Cavalleria*, 93; *Carmen*, 86; *Bajazet*, 82; *Lohengrin*, 79; *Tannhäuser*, 74; *Hänsel und Gretel*, 74; *Mignon*, 66; *Meistersinger*, 57; *Holländer*, 53; *Figaro*, 49; *Barber of Seville*, 49; *Travatore*, 43; *Evangelin*, 36; *Heimchen am Herd*, 35; *Walküre*, 35; *Nachtlager*, 28—Wagner taking still the lion's share.—The libretto of Donizetti's *Lucia* has just appeared in a new version by C. F. Wittmann, containing numerous interesting notes concerning the opera (with a facsimile of the original playbill), as well as regarding the librettist Salvatore Cammarano. At the first performance in 1835, at Naples, Persiani was Lucia; Duprez, Edgardo; Coselli, Ashton. Cammarano (1801-1852) wrote, from 1834 until his death, no less than forty libretti, which were set to music by Donizetti, Mercadante, Pacini, Bazzini, Verdi, and others.—The Concordia has just published the interesting memoirs of the late poet-composer, Paul Kuczynski, "Events and Thoughts" ("Erlebnisse und Gedanken"), containing numerous references to Wagner, Liszt, Bülow, Albert Lindner, Adolf Jensen, etc., with whom he was more or less closely connected.

Leipzig.—A Symphony in D minor by P. Rohde, of Hamburg, which is chiefly remarkable for the excessive noise of the brass and its prolixity (it lasted nearly one hour), was produced. A really nice bit, however, is the trio of the scherzo for clarinet and horn in canon form.—A sympathetic pianist, Ida Spittel, from Gotha, whose graceful style strongly recalls Clothilde Kleeborg, introduced a somewhat Schumannesque, but very well written and pleasing, Concerto by Fritz Kaufmann, of Magdeburg.

Weimar.—A very special success was achieved by a two-act comic opera, *Fantasio*, words after Alfred de Musset, music by Miss Ethel M. Smyth, who had already made her mark as a highly-gifted composer in

London with some symphonic works at the Crystal Palace and the Henschel Symphony Concerts, and a Mass in D brought out by the late Sir Joseph Barnby at the Albert Hall. The performance, with Frau Stavenhagen and Herr Heinrich Zellner in the chief parts and B. Stavenhagen as conductor, was a triumph for all parties concerned, and the composer was called six times before the curtain.

Dresden.—Heinrich Hofmann's *Johanna von Orleans*, for vocal soli, male chorus, and orchestra, had a great success, Frl. Marie Rost's fine voice and artistic delivery in the part of the Maid being a special feature.

Chemnitz.—The Musikverein produced two novelties—"Die Nonne," ballad for soprano solo, female chorus, and orchestra, by Franz Mayerhoff, and "Frühlingshymne" for alto solo, chorus, and orchestra, by Goldmark.

Cologne.—In memory of Theodor Gouvy, the Musical Society under Isidor Seiss produced the recently deceased master's Symphony, Op. 80, in D, with signal success—maybe another case of posthumous appreciation!—"Abendfriede," for chorus and orchestra, by the local Prof. Dr. Otto Klauwell, is a characteristic and pleasing work, and produced a very favourable impression. On the other hand, Richard Strauss's latest symphonic effusion, "Don Quixote," was a complete failure.

Magdeburg.—An operetta, *The Recruiters*, by H. Hanschmann, was successfully brought out.

Barmen.—Max Bruch produced his new cantata, "Gustav Adolf," which is written in the composer's usual smooth and skilful manner. The vocal soli were in the excellent hands of Luise Geller-Wolter, Herren Dierich and Büttner.

Karlsruhe.—The Deecke Chamber Concert Association played a string quartet (MS.) by Felix Mottl.

Munich.—A setting for male chorus and orchestra of "Das Thal des Espingo," produced by the Lehrer-Gesangverein, proved an excellent musical reproduction of Paul Heyse's fine poem by Max Zenger (Op. 87), whose appropriate melodramatic music to both parts of Goethe's "Faust" (usually given at the dramatic *Faust* performances here) had already won distinction. Another "hit" was the beautiful male chorus, "Der alte Soldat," by Peter Cornelius, Op. 12. The same cannot be said of Fried. Hegar's "Rudolf von Werdenberg."

Frankfort-on-Main.—The eminent violoncellist, Hugo Becker, having renewed his contract with the Museumsgesellschaft here on improved terms, has refused the successorship to Piatti in London. He will, however, be heard at the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts.

Dortmund.—At the fifth Westphalian (two days') Musical Festival the orchestra comprised 114, the chorus 740 members, besides three vocal soloists (Erika Wedekind, Curt Sommer, and Perron), two pianoforte accompanists, and Madame Carreño as solo pianist. The selection was more or less familiar. The conductor, Julius Janssen, received a well-merited ovation.

Stuttgart.—Under Dr. Obrist's direction Pergolesi's one-act Intermezzo, *La Serva Padrona*, was given for the first time. The composer wrote it in 1731, five years before his early death. The composer's works, which had attained great celebrity during the latter half of last century, have been pushed into the background by more modern music.—The Court Kapellmeister, Karl Doppler, younger brother of the once-famous flautist, Albert Doppler, has retired, after thirty years' duties, from active musical life.—The number of pupils at the Royal Conservatorium has increased to 532, being 40 above last year.

Cassel may well be proud of the satisfactory execution,

exclusively with its local forces, of the complete *Nibelungen Ring*, under Dr. Beier. From Wagner to the *Fledermaus* and *Rattenfänger* there was, no doubt, a long drop!

Lübben N.L.—The Mixed Choral Union produced a new Legend, "Rübezahl," for vocal soli, chorus and pianoforte, by Überlée. The simple technical structure of the work (which lasts six hours) should win it widespread popularity.

Vienna.—The energetic conductor and reformer of the Imperial Opera, Gustav Mahler, has prevailed upon the vocalists voluntarily to give up their leave of absence during the season, in order to secure uninterrupted performances of the works in question.—An operetta, *The Beautiful Rigo*, by Ziehrer, met with a favourable reception at the Prater Theatre, and similar favour was shown to another operetta, *The Triple Alliance*, by Taund, at the theatre An der Wien.—The famous representative of the "Bel canto," Marcella Sembrich, was so thoroughly gratified with her operatic venture at the Karl theatre, that she has promised to return with an enlarged *répertoire* (confined this time to Rossini, Donizetti, and Verdi).—The excellent horn player, L. Savart, produced some novelties, as usual, at his annual visits. Two melodious pieces, "An der Quelle," and a perhaps somewhat lengthy "Am Abend," by Wottowa, pleased better than a rather dry and laboured sonata, by Lamberg. Both composers, excellent pianists, played the respective pianoforte parts.—Wilhelm Gericke, formerly Kapellmeister of the Imperial Opera, and conductor of the "Gesellschafts-Konzerte," has accepted a brilliant offer to resume his late position at Boston in September next.—A Committee has been formed for the erection of a joint monument to the two great waltz composers, Josef Lanner and the original Johann Strauss, one quarter of the required sum of £4,000 having already come forward.—Vienna is also to have a "Brahms Platz."—At the Benefit Concert of Eduard Strauss, his even more distinguished brother, Johann (the Second), conducted his latest waltz, "An der Elbe," with his usual success, every inch of space being occupied.

Brünn.—*Die Schwalben*, an operetta by Léon Held, was well received.

Innsbruck.—An opera, *Zigeunerliebe*, by Josef Pembaur, was successfully produced at the Municipal theatre.

Paria.—Meyerbeer's *Prophète* has re-appeared with great success for its 477th performance, after an eclipse of six years. Madame Garcia-Viardot is the only survivor of the chief performers at the *première* in 1849. The present (13th) Fides, Mlle. Delna (who definitely objected to appearing on a Friday, the performance being in consequence postponed until the following Monday!), had a marked success, Alvarez being also admirable as Jean de L'ysde.—Les Bouffes Parisiens scored a great success with a new three-act operetta, *La Dame de Trèfle*, by Charles Claveville and Maurice Froyez, the work being both amusing and (*mirabile dictu*!) perfectly decorous in its subject-matter. The music by Emile Pessard is charming, the overture, Loia's air in the second act, the "Telephone" Rondo, the Duo of Letters, and the *ensemble* piece of the family council being specially attractive.—Marcella Prega and Edouard Risler achieved a remarkable success with Schumann's vocal series, "Dichterliebe." All honour to both artists for this new venture.

Brussels.—Jan Blockx' opera, *Princesse d'Auberge*, so warmly received at Ghent, has been accepted for Brussels and half-a-dozen other cities.

Liège.—At the College, Saint-Gervais, Racine's

tragedy *Esther*, provided with new music for chorus and orchestra by Antoine ("maître de chapelle" of the Cathedral), was given.

Amsterdam.—The opera season closed with the twenty-fifth performance of August Enna's *Cleopatra*. It is strange that so successful a work should not have made its way more rapidly elsewhere.

St. Petersburg.—Balakireff's new Symphony in C was received with enthusiasm.

Milan.—No less than seventy principal vocalists appeared during the last six months' season at the Lyric Theatre, viz. forty-one soprani and mezzo-soprani, sixteen tenors, nine baritones, and four basses.—An action is pending between the well-known tenor Tamagno and the impresario Ciacchi, of Buenos Ayres, for 650,000 francs, which the vocalist claims for forty performances agreed upon in South America in 1890, but of which only four took place, owing to the revolution. Ciacchi counterclaims the return of 155,000 francs paid in advance. Tamagno lost his case both in the first and second court. A second appeal remains open to him. During the proceedings it transpired that Tamagno is always accompanied by a lifeguard of eight "claqueurs," for whom the impresario is bound to reserve four stalls and four places in the gallery!

Florence.—The deficit of the last Carnival season at the Pagliano theatre is said to amount to 135,000 francs.

Palermo.—The fourth number of the recently-started *L'Arte Musicale* contains a hitherto unpublished two-part madrigal, "No, che lungi," by Alessandro Scarlatti.

Venice.—A small opera, *Il cieco*, by a little-known composer, Bossi, was well received.

Malta.—At the Royal Opera the *première* of a new opera, *Amor fatal*, by Vassalo, was given.

Bergen.—The Norwegian Musical Festival from June 26th to July 3rd, at which only works by native composers are to be performed (the orchestra, by the way, comes from Amsterdam, although the chorus of 400 is local), takes place as we go to press. We are glad to be able, however, to promise our readers a full account in our next number from the pen of our special representative at the Festival.

New York.—With regard to the much-talked-of vacancy in the conductorship of the Philharmonic Society, it is now filled, and, as surmised in our last, by Emil Paur. No further rumours as to Yeaye's probable future have reached us.

Leeds.—Sir Arthur Sullivan's much-regretted ill-health preventing him from fulfilling his promise of writing a cantata for the forthcoming Festival, Mr. Cowen has been commissioned to do so instead.

Deaths.—Eugène Ritt, joint director with Gailhard of the Grand Opéra, Paris, died at a very advanced age.—Alfred Ernst, author of some exhaustive works on Richard Wagner's Art, died on May 15th. His translations of some of the master's libretti (which supersede Victor Wilder's versions) have done much towards familiarizing France and Belgium with Wagner's music.—Ferdinand Gleich, nestor of Dresden musical life, born 1816 at Erfurt, critic of the *Dresdner Anzeiger*, etc., died May 22nd.—Professor Eugen Krantz, successively student, professor, and director of Dresden Conservatorium, died on May 26th, aged 54.—On May 31st died M. Edouard Mangeot, director of *Le Monde Musical*, and formerly manufacturer of pianos at Nancy.—Philipp Roth, formerly 'cello virtuoso, of recent years teacher of his instrument and editor of the musical paper *Berliner Signale*, died on June 9th, at Berlin, in his forty-fifth year.—M. Edmond Boulanger has just died at Lille, where he had taught singing at the Conservatoire from

1854 to 1893, and had also brought the "Orphéon" Choral Society (known locally as Crik-Mouils!) to a state of great perfection during his twenty-two years' leadership. Indeed, the *Ménestrel* says that he made this society the foremost of its kind in France. He was born at Douai, April 16th, 1829, and studied at the Paris Conservatoire in his youth, under Panzeron, etc.—In England we have lost a good bass vocalist, William Henry Burgon, who was trained at the London Academy of Music under Manuel Garcia, and became one of the members of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, latterly starting a small operatic party of his own.—Richard Latter, professor of singing, for many years at the Guildhall School of Music and Royal Academy of Music, at the latter of which he had studied in his youth, died on the 3rd June, nearly seventy-five years of age. At one time he was an operatic vocalist (baritone), but since 1851 took to teaching instead, first at Aberdeen, afterwards in London.

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